BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

BARTON. C. A. ROBINSON & CO. DEALERS IN CHOICE BRANDS OF FLOUR

D. McDOUGALL

MERCHANT TAILOR, AND DEALER IN GENTS'

DEALER IN DRY GOODS, CLOTHING AND

MILLINERY, DRESSMAKING AND PATTERN Rooms, Barton, Barton Landing & Newport. M. HUBBARD, OUSE PAINTER, PAPER HANGER, GLAZIER

MANUFACTURER OF FLOUR, MEAL & FEED, Dealer in all kinds of Grain. JOHN ARKLEY.

M ACHINIST AND CUSTOM BLACKSMITH.
Special attention given to Horse Shoeing.

L IFE, FIRE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE GROUT & BALDWIN,

C. F. PERCIVAL, LALER IN FURNITURE, COFFINS & CASKETS

THOTOGRAPHER. DEALER IN STEREOSCOPES DALE & ROBINSON,

TTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW. DEACTICAL MILLWRIGHT. WILL DO MILL Jobs or Furnish Plans for Mills. Agent for at Waterwheel, and all Mill Machinery.

LOUIS YOUNG ARNESS MAKER AND TRIMMER. REPAIRing done neatly and promptly. Shop next door a Marble Works.

MANUFACTURER OF CUSTOM MADE BOOTS and Shoes. Repairing promptly attended to GENT FOR THE CHAMPLAIN MUTUAL FIRE

Insurance Co., Burlington, Vt. Insurance of all s placed in the best Stock and Mutual Companies. J. W. HALL & CO., PALEE IN DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS

and Caps, W. I. Goods, Groceries and Ge andisc. Will take Produce in exchange. DEALER IN DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, FLOUR, Salt, Hats, Caps, Boots, Shoes, and Ready Made

WHITCHER & CLARK. All kinds of Barter taken in exchange.

CHAVING AND HAIR DRESSING. SPECIAL

DEOPRIETOR OF THE ORLEANS COUNTY

Marble Works, Foreign and American Marble estones, Monuments, &c. J. L. WOODMAN DEALER IN BOOTS, SHOES, AND FINDINGS Store opposite the Drug Store,

W. B. CRITCHETT. T MAINTER AND GLAZIER. GRAINING, WHITEwashing and Paper Hanging done in the ber and satisfaction guaranteed. Orders solicited.

UCCESSOR TO F. P. CHENRY, WILL CONTINUE

SUCCESSOR TO WM. JOSLYN & SONS. DEALER Toroentine, Varnishes, Brushes, Window Gla

Putty, Books, Stationery and Fancy Goods. MANUFACTURERS OF WOOD, METAL, GLASS. Canvasa and Paper Signs. Banner, Scene sental Painting, &c. Proprietors of Wood's Star

GLOVER.

C. L. FRENCH, M. D. THYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

E. E. FOSTER, DROPEIETOR UNION HOUSE. STAGE LEAVES for Montpelier Mondays, Ways, and for Barton twice a day.

D. L. DWINELL. EALER IN DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS.

Leon Water on hand and for sale. DEOPRIETOR GLOVER FLOURING MILLS

PEALER IN HARNESSES, RIDING BRIDLES Collars and Horse Clothing, Blankets, &c. A.

inds of trimming.—Rubber and Leather Covered Plated, Tinned, Japanned and Gold Plate. Repairin J. E. DWINELL. MANUFACTURER and dealer in Furniture of all

kinds and descriptions, Carpets, Room Paper tains and dixtures, also Coffins and Caskets, Picture

IRASBURGH.

R. S. ORNE. DEALER IN FURNITURE, COFFINS AND CASKETS, Irasburgh, Vt. 2-24

W. D. TYLER. A TTORNEY, COUNSELLOR AND SOLICITOR. L. H. THOMPSON,

A TTORNEY, COUNSELLOR AND SOLICITOR Also Bounty and Pension Agent, Irasburgh, Vi E. W. POWELL, DROPRIETOR IRASBURGH HOUSE, Irasburgh Vt. A good Lavery in connection with the use. Stage leaves for Barton Landing Depot twice ay.

W. L. RUSELL. DEALER IN DRUGS, Medicines, Dye Stuffs, Sta Tollet Soap, Fancy Articles, and all the Popular Patent Medicines, Irasburgh, Vt. 2:240

S. STANFORD.

FIRE SAME OLD CHAP AS EVER, always or to Trade for G ods in his line, such as Harnt this House, and Clipper Scythes, with other Eatables

MISCELLANEOUS.

D. & C. S. SKINNER. DEPOT STORE (SUCCESSORS TO GRANDY Skinner & Parker J Dealers in Flour, Corp. Gro DANIEL SKINNER. 4-14 C S. SKINNER.

WILL KEEP CONSTANTLY ON HAND ALL the latest styles of ready-made Coffins, Caskets, at Robes and Trimmings of every description.—
West Albany, Vt.

P. R. KENDALL. A TTORNEY. BARTON LANDING, VERMONT.

W. W. MILES. A TTORNEY AT LAW.

ROBERT GILLIS. DEALER IN HARNESSES, blankets, whips, curr combs, &c., Barton Landing, Vt. A. D. MASSEY.

DRACTICAL MASON, Coventry, Vermont.

J. F. WRIGHT, Physician and Surgeon. Office at his residence, Barton Landing, Vt. DR. O. A. BEMIS,

HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON CUTLER & GOSS. MANUFACTURERS of Carriages and Sleighs, Greensboro, Vt.

SURGEON DENTIST. At Little's Hotel in Barton Village every Wednesday. Barton Landing, Vt.

"Dat Ish Too Thin."

BY CHADWICK'S EMMA.

fords dere are dats fondly murmured, In vatever clime we roam,
In vatever clime we roam,
By mekanika at der benches,
Und by sailors splashed mitt foa
By de ladies in der parlors,
Und by chaps in barrooms din,
But the simplest ones of any,
ish, I tink, "Dat ish too thim." Quick I knows ven spring ish comin By de flowers sthrewn in her vay,

Ind out of all her purple splendors Rolls de rich, ripe summer day. Ven I tells mein freund 'tis sphlendid Shust to hear dem shweet birds sing. O'speaks he—you vas gone love sick, Yah, old boys, "Dat ish too thin." Gootness grashious! vat a pity
"Tis to bring such thoughts low down,
Ven de mind ish filled mitt beauty.
Und de eyes see nature's crown.
In de golden beams of moonlight
Vere de dew drops cluster in. If I speaks mein soul's emotion, says some chap, "Dat ish too thir Ven I goes out in de evenin'
Wen I goes out in de evenin'
Mitt some fellers vat I knows.
Und dey valks into some places
Und a drink around propose.
Uf I says I don't got any
Sthamps to spend in beer or ginQuick de voices den of many
Dunders out, "Dat ish too thin."

Shust to speak some vords of love Und I tells her she's an angel, Brighter dan de ones above : Den she says. O sthop dat nonesen

So aroud dis Yankee nashun Spins dem slang vords like a top Till I gets sick at mein stomik,
Und I vish der use to stop.
But nein! I hears it from de school boys,
Und from chaps dat's stout and slim.
Und mein brain gets mixed und muddled
By such stuff, "Dat ish too thin."

THE KENTUCKY LOTTERY .- There is an ancient legend which affirms that all persons devoid of rational understanding have not yet left this sublunary sphereor, more briefly, that the fools are not all dead yet. Quite a number of persons belonging to this amiable race invest their money regularly in lottery schemes and they are so strongly confirmed in their folly that it is useless to argue with them. The lottery just drawn in Louisville for the benefit of the Public Library of Kentucky is a fair example of this favorite species of swindle. PALER IN STOVES, TIN, JAPAN, WOOD have aggregated \$1,500,000. A very shoulders, else she couldn't stand so short time before the sale the managers announced that as only forty-five thousinterested ticket holders are now anxious to find out, in the first place, how it happened that exactly 45,000 tickets were sold, and in the second place, why it was that the remaining tickets were destroyed privately instead of publicly. These are certainly interesting points. Accepting the managers' statement, however, the 45,000 tickets sold for \$2,250,000, and \$1,250,000 left after paying the prizes leaves a very hand-

some margin for profit to somebody

As the library, which is the supposed

beneficial, is said after all the lottery

schemes in its aid, to be still a wretched

BUTLER AND HIS PERSONAL DANGER. -On the 18th of next November he will be 56 years old. He has never been sick. His constitution has been like iron. He has worked for ten years as few men ever work, even in this busiest of lands. His favorite saving has been that when he retired at night, unless he was asleep in five minutes, he thought something was the matter. He has enjoyed absolute, uninterrupted health, and has reveled in it. But there must be an end to all things, and especially to overworked men. Butler has grown obese, and, inferentially, apoplectic. His political fights begin to tell on him. The contests at Worcester have help pull him down. Simmons fight set his nerves into a frenzy. His head was clear, but his blood was hot, and his face livid times. He had wound himself up to a fearful pitch of excitement. When the victory was won and the relapse came. the blood left his face, he became quiet and seemed to have weakened perceptably. His friends on the floor said he looked fifteen years older. But with his immense interests on his hands there is no release from the tread-mill-no long hours of relaxation. His affairs are as inexorable as those of an emperor. Some day his life will go out like the light of a hastily snuffed candle.

A NEGRO PREACHER'S IDEAL PRAYER. -"Dar was ole Fadder Jupiter. Now Jupiter he used to git a Bible in one hand a pra'r-book in anudder, an' a hymn-book under his arm, an' den he'd start out to see de widders 'n' de fadderless; 'n,' one day I met old Fadder Jupiter, 'n' I say to him; 'Fadder Jupiter, how many pounds of meat have ye have ye exhorted? 'N' he says: 'Not one.' 'N' den I say: 'Pears like Fadder Jupiter ve'll sing here and prav dar, 'n' ye'll pray every widder to death sing every fadderless child to de grave : dered what she would rather have done from the cream-be-spattered wall and 'n' call in help to bury 'em.' 'N' den first, and knew she would have to be ex- stepped cautiously down into the cave I told him dat when he sung he must tremely careful or she would bring upon She then proceeded to lift up her child call a bar'l o' flour long meter, fur short berself a storm of words she could see and turned up a white face with blood meter he must take a keg of lard, dat's were only gathering against the provo- less lips, the sight of which someway short meter enough anyhow; and fur cation came; but she fell to work brave- took the strength away from her arms particler meter nice ham 'n' some coffee : ly, carefully and quickly doing those and knees, and it was a full minute heden he must take de Quakor pra'r-book. things her mother had named as she fore she found enough in her voice with a two-wheeled cart, 'n' fill up de old came to them, wishing meanwhile her which to shout: pra'r-book with coal; when de col' wed- "head would stop aching."

de cellar full o' coal."-

A Story for None but Scolds.

Mrs. Stebbins stood shading her eyes with one hand, and gazing up the road

toward the school house. Well, it beats the world! she said aloud; here it is a quarter past five this minute, and Henrietta Stebbins not sight vet : curious to me why a girl of her age can't have a little interest in things about her own home. I tell you if I hadn't had at her age it would have been pounded into me, that is one sure thing; here is all the milk to be skimmed, and it is time to build a fire for supper, and out under the big kettle, to heat the water for the calves' mess; the eggs to be gathered in, and there is that big-yellow hen that makes such a good mother, wants to set, and I was going to send Heurietta over to Mrs. Crunis' this

very night to get-Ha-ha-ha, he-e-e-e ! Mrs. Stebbins cut short her sentence

and whirled around to see her jolly, fat husband standing in the kitchen door wiping the sweat from his face, and laughing, ha-ha-ha!

What are you laughing at, Mr. Stebbins ? if you can tell : if it is at me, I would advise you to just wait for some more mirth-provoking occasion.

Don't need any better one, wife, not a bit! this is rich enough; haven't I stood ten minutes, and heard you practicing here all by yourself?

Practicing what! Mr. Stebbins? On a first class scolding which you're going to give Ett for being late home tonight, and I s'pose she's had to wait to take another from the school Miss, for being late to school this morning. Migh. Sixty thousand tickets were advertised ty good thing for Ett she takes after her to be sold, and the drawings were to old father and has got such plump, broad much as she gets all around mebbe, but mother-(hesitatingly) come now, don't and tickets had sold the prizes would you believe Ett would do most as well be shaved down to \$1,125,000. The if not a leetle better if you don't scold her quite so much-eh? Yonder she comes now, running like a deer-and

this hot night ! 'nough to kill her. And farmer Stebbins, dear old soul, having had his drink for which he came. and having said a volume more than he often ventured to say, went quickly back to the garden, not waiting for his wife to recover from her chagrin and astonishment sufficiently to answer him but saying to himself, No. mother's just the best woman at heart, and never means the half she says. I wish she wouldn't scold so much, it's all she lacks tho', mebbe, of bein' perfect and ready for 'nother world, but it frets the girl affair, not worth over \$10,000 at the so : and don't do no good, not enough to most, it would be a pleasant thing for pay anyway; that's how it seems to me, the public to know where the spoils go and Ett's pretty good little gal 'cording

to my reckoning that is. Henrietta Stebbins' pretty round face was all aglow with something beside the running when she reached home that Monday night : she expected to "catch an awful scolding" for being so late, but

her mother simply said I hope you have had enough schooling

for one day, pointing to the clock. It's too bad, mother, I know, and you so tired with washing; I didn't think it was so late though you see Miss Mott was helping me with my arithmetic. something I was too stupid to get thro' my head all day, and some way I could not see through it for ever so long tonight-but I did at last, it is so plain now and you don't know how glad I am. I do want to go into the sixth grade when I go down town to school, and Miss Mott says she is sure I can if I but finish that arithmetic. Now what is first for me to do? having rolled up her sleeves and tied on a big checked apron

Unluckily, she had touched the wrong chord by speaking of that most cherished of all precious plans 'going to sohool' which her father had promised she might do in September, and which her mother persisted in calling "the greatest piece

Do ? do what has got to be done, or course, enough to be done, and I should think a girl of your age might see it without waiting to be told every identical thing. Here is milk to be skimmed. supper to be got ready, calves' feed to be made, eggs to be hunted, clothes to be taken down and sprinkled, and there you stand as unconcerned, asking what shall I do? You can do just what you please. I'll not tell you a mortal thing, and Mrs. Stebbins drew on a doleful. nost-abused look, wrinkling up her forehead and setting her lips firmly on her | Henrietta Stebbins !

der come he must drive de old pra'r- She was a good girl, and had profited book down to some widder sister's 'n' by her mother's teachings and could him laid the limp form on the lounge say: Sister I've come to pray six bush- work almost as quickly and well about (from which Mrs. Stebbins had hastily els of coal with ye, 'n' dem open de cel- most things pertaining to the general taken a great armful of clean clothes) lar-door dump do ole pra'r-book, 'n' pray housework as her mother herself, and as Etta sighed, opened her eyes and moan-

faction of seeing "the storm was blow- ever, Mr. Stebbins said. ing over." the wrinkles in her forehead

lessened in number and depth, the mouth regained its more pleasing expression

and herself began to breathe more freely. Supper was ready, and she had called to her father to come, and was taking the clothes off the line as she went back when her mother called her.

She dropped the clothes pin she had just pulled off, and ran in through the sitting-room depositing the armful

clothes on the lounge as she ran. don't try my patience, why couldn't you to town to school. come when I called you?

Why, mother, I did just as fast as I could. I had an armful of clothes I was

Of course! you always have an armful of clothes then, or something when I need you. You had better say a headful of going to town to school, and then you would hit it about right. I do just hope and pray something will turn up to keep you at home, it has been nothing but that for a year, and for my part have heard all I want of it. Now, run over to Mrs. Crunis' and get those eggs she promised me from her Brahmas. want to set old vellow to night, and had like to have forgotten it with so many million things to worry me, don't stop

bins? Yes'm, I do hear! answered back Etta, and away she went, cross-lots to Mrs. Crunis' fast as she could, for her aching head and the pain in her side which had come during her run home from school, and which had not left yet, but it was only a little way, just a few yardsthirty or forty maybe, and she got the eggs and was home again just as her father and the men from the field went into the supper room followed by her mother, who, seeing her turned to say :

to talk ! Do you hear, Henrietta Steb-

Well, you did go quick once in your life, I must say! Now, child take that crock of cream out to the cave so it will not get warm, and then come to your supper-hurry now! don't keep us wait-

Etta took the crock full of cream, and staggered at first under its weight, but she often carries heavier things than that-but what if something should happen as ma hopes there will, to keep me from going away to school. Oh, dear seems to me I had rather die than to-

She did not finish her sentence, not then, nor ever, I guess. She was hurrying so, all the time, because she knew that whenever her mother was in the mood she was in that night, she always had father wait for her to be at the table before the blessing was asked, and she did not want to provoke her mother

She set her crock down to open the door of the cave, a sort of trap door it was, that stood slanting so as to shed water, and it was always heavy to open. and heavy to hold while she let it down which her mother always bade her "do carefully so as not to slam it all to piec es" it was dreadfully heavy to-night but it was even now; and she stooped down to raise her crock of cream, stepping down one step as she did so, by way of lifting it more easily, and also to gain time when-"what does ail my head ?" she thought, and splash ! went the cream, crash ! fell our Etta headlong into the cave, where she lay per-

In the house at the table they sat Mr. Stebbins looking at his wife a little anxiously to see whether the indication there were to proceed or wait; they seemed to his practical eye to be, to wait So they sat silently waiting one full minute, then another, then Mrs. Stebbins fidgetted in her chair and exclaimed (thoughtfully for once :) that girl can't hurry to save her life, don't wait for her

Mr. Stebbins, if you are in a hurry. So the good man said "grace" reverently, after which Mrs. Stebbins poured the tea, and thought she would set it or the stove to keep hot, and just see what could keep Henrietta. She looked out toward the cave-no one there! She stepped quickly out along the path. in stealthy sort of way, wondering the while what can the child be doing, not eating

Goodness me! what next? I'd like to ask, if she hain't fallen in and spilt my cream and broke the crock all to smidg-

Henrietta did not even so much a Poor Etta ! She thought her mother stir, and her mother drew her skirts up had told her enough to do, she only won- about her instinctively to keep them

Father! Father-r-r !

she went on quietly she had the satis- so pitifully, then fainted again, dead'r'n fields.

The men went back and finished their suppers, all but father : he and mother

ate no suppers that night. When the doctor came and made som examinations he found her left leg bro ken in two places; be a long time 'fore she's round again Mrs. Stebbins, months anyway-if she ever gets well 'twill Oh, Henrietta! Henrietta, come here, cripple her for life like as not, terrible fall, it's that broken crock as done it Something like a sob choked Mrs. Steb bins, as she thought of what she had said not an hour before, but indeed, I did not really mean it, that anything Come, you are the pokiest girl, and would turn up to keep her from going

In the week that followed, when Et ta's life hung as it were on the tiniest thread, when in the delirium of fever. her child-the only one God had ever entrusted to her care, would throw her arm wildly around and ery : "Oh, mother, don't scold me so." Mrs. Stebbins had ample time to repent of that one imperfection which certainly kept her from "bein' ready for the other world," made both her husband and child often very miserable; certain it is, they neither of them ever heard her scold again, and though September had gone, and winter past away, and bright spring had come before a pale, lame girl, (although she was rapidly getting over her lameness) left the old farm for "school in town." she went with not only her father's permission but her mother's hearty sanction.—Kansas Farmer

COMPLEX NATURE OF THE CHILDREN. -We talk of the simplicity of a child There is no such thing. Simplicity is the last result of character. The child is simple if that is to be without disguise. But it dwells in multitude, is complex, has never analyzed its ture or disentangled itself from its toy or nurse. It is a peninsular part of the main land of its kind; an undivided lot, an unredeemed territory, a mass of in clinations, a life without object, as the Latin writer describes it, taking up or laving down without knowing why. has no divine filial consciousness. It is a miniature of human ancestry. Many progenitors, rolled up small with their ambitions and appetites, lie asleep, or just begin to stir, at the base of its brain It is not properly speaking young ; but comes a veteran upon the stage, a chip of the old block, and shows features of body and mind from before the flood Only as conscience and love and the Holy Ghost begin to work or play, it modifies this inherited type, and becomes personal, one with God, his servant and on. What a delusion to say we are by nature the children of God! The apostle says we are by nature the children of wrath. Only by the Spirit are we children of God : the Pharisees were children of the devil. Swedenborg said The oldest angels in heaven are the youngest; and I suppose we shall spend

our eternity finding it out .- [C. Bartol.

THE DOG BARRY .- There in the museam of Berne is an object which attracts universal attention from visitors. only the skin of a rough, hairy dog. stuffed and set up so as to look as natural as life. But that dog had a history. His home was the convent of St. Bernard, away on the Alpine summit. There in pleasant weather he was wont to roll about and play in the porch with his fellows, as jolly as any dog. But when the storms came on, and the rough weath- dried specimen of humanity, with an ag- is after the third week-he has had one er set in, Barry nerved himself for the serious business of life. With a little shoulders, as if from creeping through put into a gallon of water in an open casket of meat and drink tied upon his small places. The sort of a man who neck, and a warm blanket strapped on | wouldn't be seen knocking his wife down his back, he sets out in search of lost and dancing a Highland fling on her travelers in those fearful passes. Never | stomach : but that almost worse man, I a fall of snow so heavy or a fog so thick | was about to say, who day after day embut Barry could find his way, and his bitters and makes life hateful to her keen scent could discover a traveler at a with just such small, unceasing, legal great distance. If they were not too be- meannesses as this which he exhibited numbed to walk, the noble fellow refreshed them with the food he brought. and gladly parted with his warm cloak, and went bounding joyfully onward to for fear of being found out : and not at show them the way. If they were fast all careful of being a mean wretch in sinking into unconsciousness, he would every other relation of life. warm them with his breath and tongue, pull at their clothes, and if all his ef forts to arouse them failed, he would upright and kindly sort of a creaturedash off for other help. Forty poor wan- "lord of the soil," and all that.- Iowa derers owed their lives to noble Barry. poper, Surely he had earned a warm, comfortable home in the valley when his age of service was over, and this honorable tle and collar about his neck, as if ready to start on his old mission. Some people live through a whole life and never accomplish so much as this dog.

Plutarch says : "The eyes of the hog said : "I did it mother, with my little are so formed and disposed of in the hatchet, but I'll be swizzled if I can tell head, that it is always looking upon the the whole truth about this affair." Now lowest objects, and can in no manner most mothers would have kissed that contemplate things elevated and lefty. brave, truthful lad on his noble brow It cannot look upward unless thrown and kept right on using the meal out of back with its feet upward. Although that barrel just the same, but this one this animal is addicted to the most dis- didn't. She said, come across my lap, cordant squealing and grunting, vet as my son; come across my lan." He soon as it is laid on its back it is imme- came, and for awhile there rose a cloud When father and the man who helped diately silent, so great is its astonish- of dust from the seat of his trousers ment at the heavens, to the sight of that effectually hid the son from view, which it is unaccustomed, and which and the old woman now sports goggles causes such fear that it is unable to cry." and is lavish in the use of Petit's eye died, subsequently confessed to a friend Kansas has 7000 square miles of coal salve. That good little boy had pep- that "Nobody could pull down an under-

FARMERS' WIVES.

THE PATHOS SEEN IN COUNTRY STORES.

I guess merchants who catch the country trade find it a familiar scene enough -the farmer's wife hesitating and hoping and fearing over her poor little purchases of sugar and calico-ten to one the calico is for the baby-while the farmer stands by grumbling at her himself, and was always begging it of "wants," and doling out the money as if he were giving it to some slouchy. troublesome beggar, who hadn't any claim upon him. Not being a country merchant I can't get used to the painfulness of such a scene. It makes me not only melancholy but mad, madder still when I see how meekly the wife accepts the reluctant pittance, and how unquestionably she seems to believe that the family groceries and provisions are for her own private consumption. I presume very many of these farmers' wives must return from such shopping experience, feeling like so many thieves and assassins for having wasted their husbands' substance in riotous parcels of

brown sugar and unbleached sheeting. I've no doubt they do penance for it by working still harder through harvest, and going without some extravagance they have set their hearts on-a pair of shoes, perhaps, or a swell dress for the baby. The little woman I saw to-day looked as if she had spent the golden autumn alternately in the harvest field and kitchen. A kind, sensible face, serious with maternal care, and browned by sun and wind, with a pair of deep blue eves that a few years ago must have been sparkling with the hopes of happy girlhood-that looked as if they might sparkle still if given half a chance.

In fact, they did light up a good deal as she looked in her husband's face to see how he admired baby in his new They darkened pitifully enough when he savagely called it a humbug, and glared at both wife and baby as if they were a couple of brutes whom he

"You've spent a pretty pile of money. you have !" he added with an audible

"Why, how much ?" in an alarmed

"Four dollars and a half !- and yet you ain't satisfied !" If a man's tongue had been a razor it couldn't have spoken more cuttingly. It cut the little woman Her cheeks reddened under their brown and I felt rather than saw that tears had started to her eyes, and were trembling on her crispy, curling lashes in spite of her brave efforts to keep them

"I didn't think it was so much! she

"Of course not ! Your arithmetic is about like the old woman's dictionary. You'd better tackle the multiplication

table when you get home !" And here, having raised his voice for the benefit of the people standing near, he looked around for applauding smiles. The wife laughed a little, as if to assure us that this was nothing but the tenderest bit of pleasantry in the world, but I knew the glory of the new cap had departed, and that all of the purchases covered by that mighty four dollars and a half would smack of the gall of bitter-

I took a look at this noblest work of God. He was quite in keeping with his conduct-a small, thin, wirv, smokegressive beak of a nose, and narrow to-day. A man careful to his horsesbecause a new horse costs money ; and careful how he cheats his fellowmen-

And yet so well satisfied, so unconscious of being anything but the most

A good little boy out west undertook to come the G. Washington on his mother in this way : He cut off the cat's niche in the museum when his short life head with the traditional hatchet, and barrel. When the old lady went for meal to make the hoe cake for the frugal morning repast she discovered that cat and interviewed her little son. He pered the seat of his pants.

nor Powell of Kentucky, was never an orator, but his conversational, story-telling and social qualities were remarkable. His great forte lay in establishing a personal intimacy with any he met, and in this way he was powerful in election-

RATHER SOCIAL GOVERNOR -GOVER-

eering. He chewed immense quantities of tobacco, but never carried the weed every one he met. His residence was in Henderson, and in coming up the Ohio past that place a gentleman overheard a characteristic anecdote of him. A citizen of Henderson, coming on board, fell into conversation with a passenger, way.

"He lives in your place, I believe, don't he ?" "Yes, one of our oldest citizens."

who made inquiries about Powell.

"Very sociable man, ain't he?" "Remarkably so."

"Well, I thought so: I think he is ne of the most sociable men I ever met in my life-wonderfully sociable. was introduced to him over at Gravson Springs last summer, and he hadn't been with me ten minutes when he begged all the tobacco I had, got his feet up in my lap and spit all over me-remarkably sociable.

PETS IN THE HOUSE.-The house where pets are made much of is usually a cheerful house-not only because they help to make it so, but because, as their presence indicates, kindness and gentleness and all the elements of a happy home are to be met there. The great silkeneared setters greet you hospitably at the gate; far is suspicion from their nature they accompany you to the door; and as it opens, the thrill of bird-song gives suggestion of summer and flowers and sunshine, though it be the dreariest day cushion, does not open an eve at you : but the little Spitz in the window bristles up inquiringly to know if it be a trustworthy friend of the house, like the faultless watch-dog that he is; and far away in the region of the kitchen poor Poll's infectious laugh is heard : and you cannot help feeling that here is place where warm hearts and genuine natures keep a little corner of the world fresh and sweet.

"I GOTS NUFF MIT SUCH FOOLISHerss,"-It is pleasant to become a parent; twice as pleasant to be blessed with twins : but when it comes to triplets, we are a little dubious. Now, there dwells in Jefferson county, Wisconsin, a German, who, a few years ago, was presented by his wife with a son. Hans said to her :

"Katrina, dat ish goot." A couple of years later the good wife placed before his astonished eves a pair

"Vell," said Hans, "dat vosh petter ash der odder times : I trinks more ash ten glasses of peer on dat."

But the good woman next stime gave birth to triplets, and that made him sphoke mit his mout shust a liddle.'

"Mein Cott, Katrine! vat ish de matter on you? Petter you shtop dis basiness 'fore der come more ash a village full. I got nuff mit such foolishness."

No later returns have been received.

EFFECT OF AMMONIA ON WHOOPING Cough .- A writer in the Medical Journal, London, states that in cases of whooping cough in the last stage-that ounce of the strongest liquid ammonia pan, and the steam kept up by means of half a brick made red hot throughout, and put into the boiling water contain ing the ammonia, the pan being placed in the middle of a room, into which the patients were brought as the ammonia steam was passing off. The method, he says, was used in the evening, before bed-time, and it proved so efficacious in abating the spasmodic attack, and after three or four days terminating the malady, as to establish, beyond doubt, the value of this mode of inhaling ammonia as a therapeutic agent in tranquilizing the nervous system in the whooping

HOW BUTLER ROBBED TWO NEW OR-LEANS MEN .- One of the New Orleans gentlemen present at a late social party in that city declared that Gen Butler had robbed him of \$25,000. To this another New Orleans gentleman replied : testimony against him is chiefly from a "Now Bill, what is the use of your say. | woman with whom he has been on crimng that? He robbed me just as much as he did you. You see," turning to the strangers present, "Butler had got hold of a subscription paper to aid the a grudge. While living at Londonder confederate cause; my name was down ry, the woman says, he carried a boy in for \$25,000 and so was Bill's. Butler called us altogether, and addressed us after this fashion-Gentlemen, you intended to give this money to the confederate cause. Now, that has gone up in this city, and, as I don't wish to deprive you of exercising your benevolent intentions, I will permit you to turn over the money for the support of the poor.' That is the way in which we

A Danbury man, whose wife recently coat as neatly as Jane did."

GENERAL NEWS ITEMS.

Jeff Davis is in England. His health and reputation are poor.

The Connecticut election-"Off with

his head; so much for Buckingham!" A lot of land was sold in Boston on Friday for \$65,000, that was bought

for \$3333 in 1816.

A well-dressed young woman was found dead drunk in the ladies room of the Lynn Mass., depot on Saturday.

A Georgia negro who bet \$10 that Gen. Washington commanded the federals at Bull Run handed the money over with the remark : "Well, dis here hist'ry business is all mixed up any

A correspondent of the Winchester Nows says one of the most important acts so far passed by the Virginia Legislature is "an act for the protection of deer in Frederick county," and adds: "Gen Washington killed the last deer in Frederick a little over 100 years ago."

Jennie Collins delivered a lecture in Boston, Sunday night, April 12th, against old men who seduce young girls, and read a resolution in favor of appointing a vigilance committee for the protection of working-girls against the constant annovance of these "diabolical, gray-headed old wretches."

The Graphic has a picture exhibiting the donkey of the West plunging off a precipice after the will o'-the wisp of inflation, labelled "oats," with Uncle Sam holding him desperately by the tail, and Governor Dix in the distance shouting, "Sam, Sam; spot him on the

An affectionate Norwalk Conn., husband recently sold his wife's clothing. while she lay upon her death-bed, and sought solace for his aching heart by visiting Barnum's hippodrome in New York. On his return he found his wife dead, and his only remark was, "How natural she looks!

A well-known horse-trainer in Kentucky has invented an ingenious bit for the trotting horse, so arranged that a driver can give his horse liquid nourishment during a heat by means of a rubber tube running from the bit to the seat of the sulky, where there is attached a rubber bag for water or spirit. A learned divine at Burlington, Vt., is

uoted as having recently said to a liquor-dealer there : "Wretched man! if the bed of that river was bank high with the suds of salvation, and a June rise of piety was coming down from the mountains, there wouldn't be enough to wash your feet !"

Rev. Mr. Beeman of Milton, Vt., who was egged, some time ago, for engaging in a temperance movement, being denounced by a lawyer in court, the other day for his zeal, pompously stepped forward and remarked that he could tip the scales at 250, and that, as long as he had a toe-nail left that could rattle, it should be used to wage on this warfare against liquor.

What is the principal difference between a French republic and a French empire? They use the same kind of tactics. The present Government, which is called republican, prohibits news-paper attacks upon the proposed seven vears administration. Until France can tolerate free discussion, she can never maintain a truly republican gov-

Collector Simmons has been at the trouble to justify his claim to the title of a young Christian soldier by making a speech at the Methodist Conference, in which he made the astounding statement: "From my youth I was born and have been cradled in Methodism." A second birth that extends all the way from one's "youth up" ought to give him a pretty thorough regeneration, and make at least a Christian soldier, if not a Christian statesman, of him.

It was natural to expect that so large sum as that awarded the United States by the Geneva Arbitrators would cause a great deal of quarreling. The struggle has fairly begun, and some of the applicants for a share in the division threaten to defeat the work of Congress altogether, unless their claims are met. There is prospect that legislation for a distribution will be postponed for this ession. The insurance companies are n after a share yet.

Nearly two hundred years ago, in a sermon preached in Boston, the Rev. Increase Mather deplores the introduction and use of rum. "It is a common thing that in latter years a kind of strong lrink called rum has been common with us, which the poorer sort of people, in town and country, can make themselves drunk with. Those that are poor and wicked can make themselves drunk for a penney. I wish to the Lord some remedy could be thought of for the prevention of this evil !" A long time has elapsed and the remedy has not yet been

Anson Howard of Londonderry, Vt , but formerly of Weston, has been arrested on the charge of burning his own public house at Weston and the dwelling of a neighbor, C. W. Sprague, in Weston, between two and three years ago. The story. Howard's object in burning his own house was to get the insurance, and in burning his neighbor's to satisfy a cask to his stable in Weston and left him there, with one head of the cask loose so that he could slip out after dark and set the building on fire, but, when the time came, the boy's courage gave out and he returned home. Howard then hired a man to do it, but he got drunk and failed, so he had to start the blaze himself. The woman mentions as one incident of the first attempt that, when the boy was put into the barn in the cask, the man inadvertently set him head downward, whereat he made a fuss. The authorities have had enough confidence in the story to put Howard in jail to await trial. The man has always borne a bad character, and was suspected of this crime before the woman's story came out.